



OF all the changes of the year
Complete, from birth to rest,
This rosy, russet, golden change —
October — is the best.
Be glad, O man! for it is here;
Earnest and hopeful, children dear;
Ripe is the year, and blest.

IT is pleasant now and then to greet you with song, my friends, though the full meaning of these rhymes may not at first be clear to you. You see I thought them, and then the dear Little School-ma'am set the ideas to an acrostic measure, — whatever that may be, — and so it may take both you and myself a little while to get settled in our minds. But, at all events, the rhymes are trying to tell you that October is not a weary, melancholy month hinting of destruction and decay. No; it is rich, complete, content, glorious.

That, at least, is how October appears from this pulpit, whether in quiet hours when only my birds and I are taking in its glow and grandeur, or when busy human folk, little and big, are roaming hither and thither, or settling themselves in ruddy shades.

By the way, one of the finest bits of music I know of (and my squirrels quite agree with me) is the sharply soft sound of ripe nut-burrs falling through the keen air into beds of yellow leaves and crisp little spears that have long since ceased their waving. But perhaps you boys do not care for nuts and such things? Well, time is speeding. Suppose we now take up the subject of

A HERMIT TO ORDER.

HALF the world knows that to make a wild, out-of-the-way bit of woods truly interesting to some folk, somebody must discover in its recesses a lone, lorn hermit-inhabitant, a dazed, unkempt, half-civilized creature with a history of his own

which he has sedulously forgotten for many a year. Well, Archibald, the ninth Duke of Hamilton, I am told, actually advertised for "A Hermit," as an ornament to his pleasure-grounds, and stipulated that the said hermit should have his beard shaved but once a year, and that but partially, in order to produce the required shaggy effect. Probably he was instructed to wear ragged old clothing, to say nothing of a dazed, where-did-I-come-from cast of countenance.

A STARTLING PET.

IT was this same ninth Duke of Hamilton, it appears, who had a strange pet. A friend calling on him one day asked if it was true that he kept a young, tame tiger. The duke slapped his thigh, uttered a kind of whistle, when out from under the sofa crept the long-backed animal; and out of the door retreated the visitor.

ANIMAL LANGUAGE AGAIN.

HERE is one more letter about animals that seem to have a language of their own.

ANDOVER, MASS.

DEAR JACK: In the April number of the ST. NICHOLAS you asked if animals have their own language. I should answer decidedly in the affirmative.

One day we were out in a field, shooting with bows and arrows; our dog, "Wat," was there watching us. Pretty soon another dog, "Puck," came up to him and nosed around his ears. In a minute both dogs started off together. We went on shooting and did n't notice it much, but just as we had stopped shooting, both dogs came back carrying a big woodchuck. Now don't you suppose that Puck came and told Wat (who was a larger dog than he was) that the woodchuck was there, and that he was n't strong enough to carry him alone?

This is true, as I was there and saw it, and I think it shows that dogs, at least, do have a language.

Yours truly,

ERIC PALMER.

AN INFANT AUDUBON.

HERE is a boy's composition, my friends, which will interest you, because it was written by the eight-year-old son of a man who was one of "The Boy Emigrants" that figure in Noah Brooks's famous ST. NICHOLAS story.

Master John evidently is a boy with his eyes open. His "piece" is so comical and so good I think I'll have to show it to some of my birds after this meeting is over.

BIRDS.

BIRDS live in the north in summer time, but in winter they all fly south. They make their nests of threads, twigs, and cotton.

There are blue-birds, and robins, and blue-jays, and crows, and red-birds, and snow-birds.

The swallows take mud, and make their nests. They make their nests on sides of houses. Sometimes after the swallows' nests fall down, the bees come and make their nests in the places where the swallows have gone away.

The birds give to their young, worms, and flies, and bugs, and butterflies, and little grasshoppers. First the birds don't have anything in their nests, and then they have eggs, and then young birds.

Kingfishers stand on a limb and watch for a fish to pass by. Then the kingfisher dives down into the water and almost always gets the fish. Then it screams, then a big eagle hears it and goes after him, and always catches the kingfisher. Then it screams again, and drops the fish. Then the eagle flies off. Eagles carry off babies and lambs. The eagle makes its nest in a big hole in a mountain.

The robin goes "pear," and the crow goes "caw." I do not know how a blue-jay goes, or a swallow, or a blue-bird.

There is another kind of bird; it is a meadow-lark. I do not know how it goes. Some boys have sling-shots, and they put a stone in them, and fire at the birds. They do not always kill the birds; they hit them in the breast and knock off some feathers.

There is another bird; it is a blue heron. It makes a noise like "tob." There are some tame birds; they are canaries. They sing the loudest and the best.

JOHN UPHAM.

A GRASSHOPPER'S EARS.

DEAR JACK: Here is a funny state of affairs. A grasshopper has its ears in its fore legs! Supposing one of your friends had an ear on each of his arms, between the wrist and elbow, would you not think it a very queer place? Yet this is just where ears are situated in crickets and grasshoppers.

On the tibia of their fore legs may be seen a bright shiny spot, oval in form, which has been found to be a true ear. Old naturalists supposed these strange structures helped in some way to intensify the penetrating, chirping sounds of crickets. No one for a moment thought they might be ears, and I don't much wonder at it. However, Sir John Lubbock and other modern naturalists have decided that crickets, bees, ants, and other little animals shall not keep their sense-organs a secret from us any longer; and although these are often in the least suspected places, still, by careful experiments they are sure to be discovered, as was the cricket's ear. Some grasshoppers have no ears in their legs, and as a rule these cannot sing.

While on the subject of ears, I have something else to tell you. There is a certain member of the crustacean family whose two ears would give you much trouble to find; for where do you suppose they are? In one of the segments of its tail!

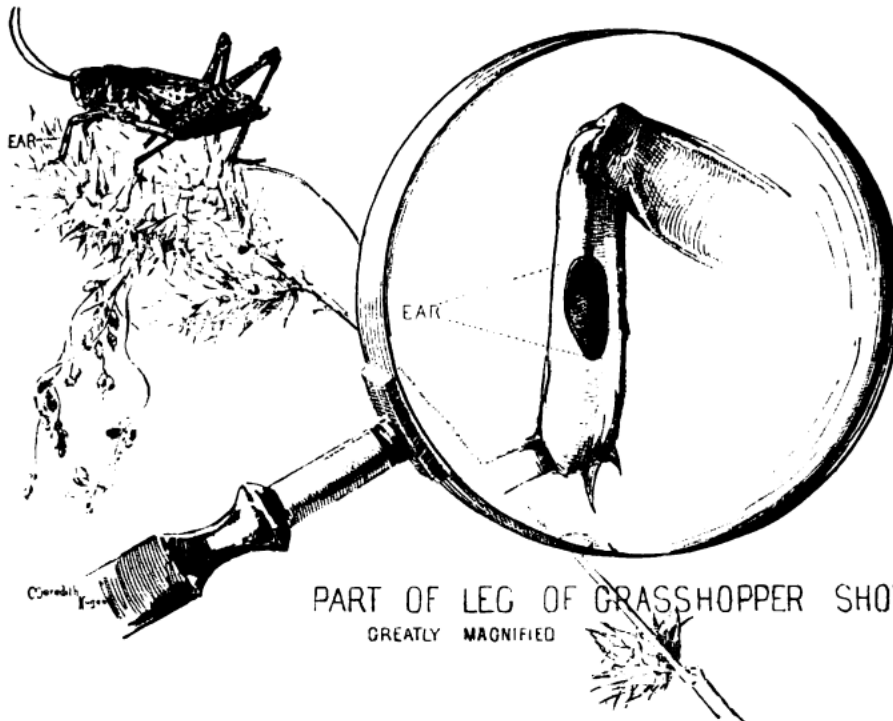
MEREDITH NUGENT.

A PHOTOGRAPH IN ACTION.

DEAR MR. JACK: Will you please tell everybody that Mr Edison (who knows the father of a fellow I know in school) has now invented something more wonderful than anything he has yet done. He calls it a Kinetograph, and it can show upon a screen a photograph of a man or an animal in action. I mean the man or animal actually is *moving* his arms or legs. Why, he could, I suppose, show a bull tossing a man in the air—and you could see the whole performance! Is n't that a daisy invention? I hope when these Kinetographs are sold, they will be cheap, so I can buy one. The boys of the Red School-house by your meadow might all combine and buy one for their holiday exhibition. Who knows?

My friend says that Edison is going to use the phonograph in connection with the Kinetograph, so as not only to show a speaker, or an actor, or preacher in full action, but also to give the very words and voice of the man. I call that wonderful, as well as complete. He could give you two dogs really fighting in earnest, and growling at the same time. This is the longest letter I ever wrote, but I shall also hand it to my teacher to-morrow for this week's composition. He has requested us each to hand in a letter. All the same, I am,

Your faithful hearer, JAMES R. G.

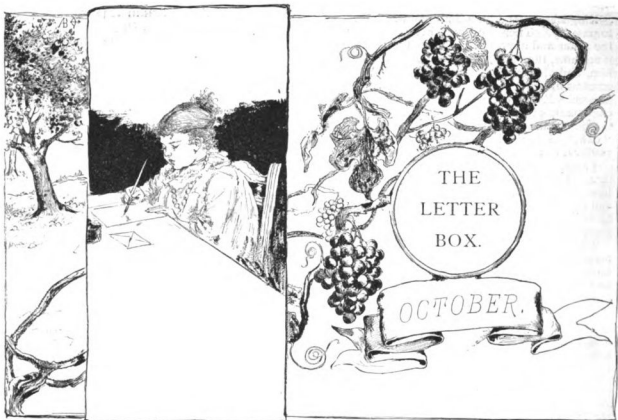


PART OF LEG OF GRASSHOPPER SHOWING EAR.
GREATLY MAGNIFIED

FROM THE DEACON'S SCRAP-BOOK.

HERE is something well worth considering from the Deacon's Scrap-book:

"I FIND," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "that the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving."



EDITORIAL NOTE.

THOSE of our readers who are interested in Mr. Fraser's description of a visit to the country studio of J. A. Dolph, the noted painter of animals, and in the illustrations from his delightful pictures of cats and dogs, will perhaps remember the excellent study of two sleeping puppies, also painted by Mr. Dolph, published in *ST. NICHOLAS* for March of this year.

ANADARKS, OK. TER.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I am eight years old, and I go to an Indian school. Mymama is a teacher in the school, and my little sisters and I are the only white children in it. I have learned to speak the Wichita language, and know a little Caddo.

There are Wichita, Caddo, and Delaware Indians on this side of the Washita River, and Kiowas, Comanches, and Apaches on the other side.

I get the *ST. NICHOLAS* from the school. I like the story of "Chan Ok, a Romance of the Eastern Seas," and I like to read the letters.

Very truly, WILLIE D—.

GREY ROCK, MD.

MY DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I live on a farm in Baltimore county, and we have two dogs—one great big one three feet high and six feet long. We imported him from Germany; his cousin belongs to the Prince of Wales, and his grandfather was the largest dog in the world—took first prize at London. He would have grown a good deal larger, but the climate did not suit him. When he was younger we used to drive him and another dog, "Don," together in a little cart, and we used to have

plenty of fun. We have a Revolutionary ruin here; it is an old stone house, where General Howard was born, and the graveyard is near-by where his father and brother are buried; he is buried in Baltimore. There is a very interesting legend about them that may interest your readers.

In the battle of Flodden, in the time of Henry VIII., the Earl of Surrey killed the King of Scotland. The crest in the King's coat-of-arms was a lion; so the Earl of Surrey asked Henry VIII. if he could n't put it in his coat-of-arms. The King answered yes, and it was made his crest. The Howards are descendants of the Earl of Surrey, and in this old graveyard the coat-of-arms is put at the top, and the lion is the crest.

I hope this little letter, if you think it fit to publish, will be interesting to some of your readers.

I am yours truly, MARGARET G—.

LANGENSCHWALBACH, GERMANY.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I want to tell you about the first convent we went to. It was just outside Paris, "Le Château de Neuilly," every one called it. It—in fact, all Neuilly—was at one time the country-house and park of the "Duc d'Orléans." The house was very old-fashioned, and full of secret doors and passages; but of course now, much to the children's disgust, all closed up. Outside, in front of the house, were two large statues that had always been there. One, "Notre Dame des Victoires," was very well preserved; the other was so mutilated that we could not discover what or whom it was designed to represent. These statues, on looking at them from the front, seem to stand on little hillocks, but in the back of each was a door and steps leading down, one to the gardens of the Tuileries, the other to Versailles; both have been all blocked up, however, and served as capital hiding-places when we played at hide-and-seek.

Inside, the house was still more old-fashioned than the garden. The class-room for the elder girls was said to be the room in which the Duke had been born. The refectory was supposed to be haunted; and it is well known that during the Franco-Prussian war the German soldiers kept their horses there. When we were there, I wanted very much to go down and see the "ghostly visitant." So it was agreed that another girl and I would creep down at five minutes to twelve, but the other girl said I must come and wake her. In the day-time I was very brave, and agreed to do this, but when the night came I was quite content to stay in my warm bed, and thus lost forever my chance of seeing the "ghost," as we left before the twenty-eighth of the next month, the only night it was supposed to walk.

Schwalbach is a very pretty little town and a renowned place for invalids. We are here for my younger sister. Mama takes the waters; in fact we all do, but it was only for my sister that we came. When we finish the season we are going to travel in Switzerland.

Coming here we sailed up the Rhine from Cologne to Coblenz. We saw the Mount Drachenfels, and the cave in which the dragon lived before Siegfried came and killed him, and a great many castles in ruins, all with their respective legends.

I must close now, dear ST. NICHOLAS; my letter is already too long, I am afraid.

Hoping that you will continue to interest another generation of young readers as greatly as you have interested those of this generation, I am one of your many devoted admirers.

MAY J—.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you like to hear from a little sick girl? I have to lie in bed, with a plaster jacket on, because my back was hurt a year ago.

I greatly enjoy you every month. And lately I have been reading all the old bound volumes I could get from the public library. I want to tell you about two queer pets of mine.

One day, early this spring, my brother brought me two brown, furry caterpillars. I put them in a box with leaves and water. After a while I grew tired, and did not look at them for several days. When I did look, I could find only one, but on the cover of the box was a little brown cocoon. Then you may be sure I watched the other—but alas, he died! I do not know why it was. I still have the cocoon, and that may be a gay butterfly some time.

Perhaps some other child during an illness may learn from my experience how much real enjoyment there is to be had in observing even a caterpillar.

From your ever faithful friend,

BESSIE M. R—.

LAS CRUCES, N. M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Five years ago our family lived at the agency of the Mescalero Apache Indians, in this Territory, where my father had a position and my mother was matron of the Indian boarding-school. This school was only established while we were there, and it was difficult to get the parents of the little Indian children to consent to their coming and living in the building provided for them. The little boys were especially wild, spending their time in hunting small game in the woods with bows and arrows, and could not be induced to come. At last the agent devised the plan of sending out and forcibly bringing the boys in, when they were subjected to a bath, much against their will; and with their long black hair shaven off, and a suit of American clothes substituted for the Indian apparel, the transformation was in some instances so remarkable that it was hard for their own parents to recognize them.

However, when brought in to see their little ones, after this change had been wrought, they were nearly always pleased, and rarely offered any further objection to their education.

They learned to read and write just as rapidly as little American boys of the same age, and some of them were particularly bright. My mother would provide them with an American name in full, such as Philip Sheridan, Miles Standish, Christopher Columbus, or any that suggested itself, and they were always known by these names afterward, dropping their Indian names.

While we were at the agency my brothers and I pursued our studies under mother's instructions in the school-room with the Indians. Mother had a class she called her "ten little Indian boys." Among the little savages who were so abruptly started upon their educational career was a boy about eight years of age, one of the La Paz tribe. La Paz, in Spanish, signifies peace; but a decade or so ago this tribe was on anything but peaceful terms with the Mexicans and Americans of this country; in fact, they were noted as being extremely warlike. This little Indian received the name James La Paz. He made rapid progress in his studies. Since we left the agency he has been sent to the Indian school at Grand Junction, Colorado, to complete his studies. We have exchanged letters quite frequently, and I send you one of his in his own handwriting, which I hope you will consider worthy of publishing, as it might interest some of your readers to see the letter of a little Indian boy.

Your friend and reader, HOPE G—.

We print the letter as it was written:

TELLER INSTITUTE, GRAND JUNCTION, COL.

MY DEAR FRIEND, MISS HOPE G—: I have received your letter some time ago, and I was very glad that you still remember me. I don't think you are a lazy girl, because you wrote a very long letter. If you were lazy you would n't write a long letter. When I first wrote to you I think you were off somewhere; that is why you did n't write me soon. No, I never get mad at anybody when I don't get letter from him soon. I study arithmetic, fourth reader, and some time geographa, But not very often. When I saw the writing on the envelope I did n't think it was you writing. I thought it was from my home, because it look like baby writing. Can you write better than that? I think you can if you just try. Our teacher is gone home about a week ago. I was very sorry when my teacher is gone, that I pretty nearly cried for her. She treat me better than the other boys. She gave me one of her picture and book. She use to give me candy every day. Hoping to hear from you soon,

Yours, JAMES LA PAZ.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although we have been your devoted readers for many a year, we have never written to you before.

While traveling in Switzerland last winter we had quite an adventure, an account of which we thought might interest some of your readers. One day, we two boys went with several others and a guide to see some of the wonders of the Alps. After climbing quite a distance, we found ourselves gradually wandering away from the others, and in trying to find our way back we lost our way. It was growing darker every minute, and as we had never been there before, we naturally began to feel a little frightened. After looking around in vain to discover in which direction to go, we finally gave it up as of no use, and resigned ourselves to our fate. After wandering around hopelessly for about two hours, it became so dark that we were afraid of falling over the precipice if we went further, so we sat down and whistled to keep

up our spirits. After another hour, which seemed like two, had gone by, we thought we heard, in the distance, the well-known bark of the St. Bernard dogs. The sound came nearer and nearer, until finally we could distinguish, between the barking of the dogs, a man's voice calling to us. We answered back joyfully, you may be sure. The man finally reached us, and after a great deal of trouble we reached home safely, resolving never again to wander from our guide in a strange place.

Your constant readers,

REGINALD AND LAWRENCE.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you a letter. I have taken you for several years.

I have four small turtles, the size of a quarter; they were wild when I first got them, but are now quite tame. They are very intelligent; when I go to feed them, I tap on the china bowl I keep them in, and they all run over to the side of the bog to get fed. I feed them on flies. It is very interesting to watch them eat; when one of them gets a large fly, the rest are so envious that they chase him all around the bowl, and sometimes in grabbing it, they get hold of his leg, and then a great struggle goes on until he gives up the fly. They are very interesting animals when young and small.

Your friend, G. W.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wrote you a letter last year from Germany. Now I am home once more, I thought I would write you again. I saw in the August number a letter from two boys in Berlin about Von Moltke's funeral, so I decided I would tell you something I saw in Dresden. Two years ago last June, they had what they called the Wettin Fest, to celebrate the eight hundredth anniversary of the House of Saxony. A great many towns and cities were represented. The town of Meissen had boys and girls dressed in fancy dresses and flowers, to look like their beautiful figures. Then there was a hunting-scene. The hunters were all in handsome costumes. They had a great many hounds, all held by one man on horseback. The procession halted in front of the house where I was, and when it

started again, the strings by which the dogs were held had become tangled, and so the dogs were all mixed up, and they were jumping around and over one another, and it made everybody laugh. There were also cars with lovely tableaux. The last one was called "Peace," and one of the figures was my governess, named Elsie, a real pretty girl.

I was in Europe two years, and my papa sent you to me all the time. I like all your stories very much, particularly "Toby Trafford."

You must excuse my writing if it is not as good as it should be for a boy nine years old, for I have been writing English only a year. Your little friend,

FRED N.—.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

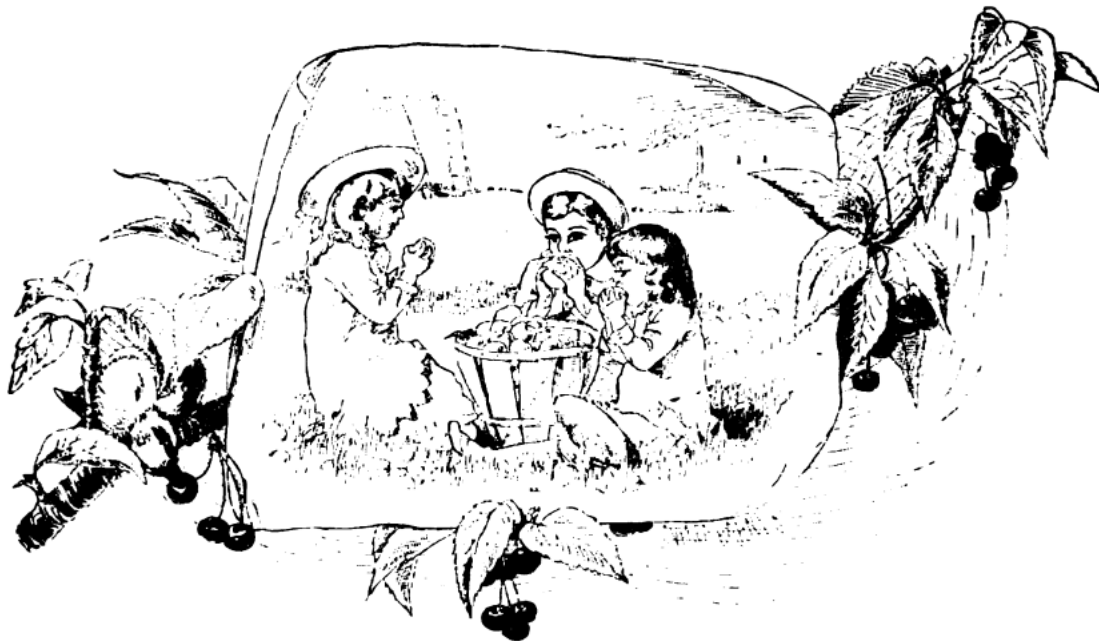
MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I spent last winter abroad and am going to tell you some of my adventures there. While we were in Rome a placard was pasted up on the walls of some of the houses, announcing the fact that there was to be a grand carnival the next week. We decided to stay for that.

On the Wednesday of the carnival week I went out for a walk, and nearly got my eyes put out by the lime-dust they were throwing around. It is one of the privileges granted every one during the carnival that they can throw lime-dust in anybody's face. I did not know that, so did not protect myself with a veil, as others did. I enjoyed everything about the carnival but that. I like Europe very much, but America is the place for me—I am a Kentucky boy and am on a visit to Indianapolis. This is the home of the President of the United States. I have often passed his house on Delaware street. It formerly had a picket-fence around it, but relic-hunters have broken it all down and carried it away.

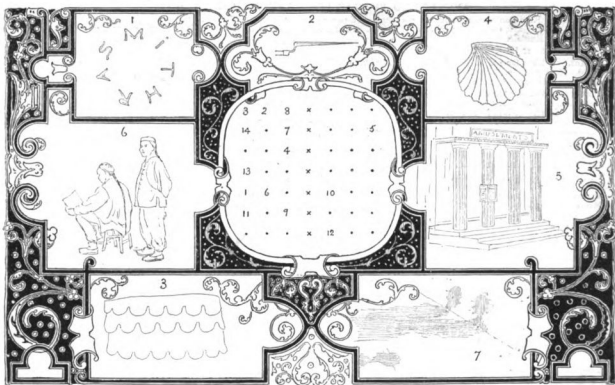
I forgot to tell you my age. I am thirteen years old.

Your true friend, CYRIL CECIL S.—.

WE have received pleasant letters from the young friends whose names follow: Helen B., Holstein DeH. B., Curry Y., Harriet F. P., "Petite Châtelaine," Reginald S. B., Ethel G. G., C. B. B., Emma F., Grace A. L., Henry S.



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ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

EACH of the seven pictures in the above illustration may be described by a word of seven letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the central letters (indicated by stars) will spell the surname of an American author, and the letters from 1 to 14 (as indicated in the diagram) will spell the name under which, for a time, he wrote.

J. K.

PL

THREE smoco a thmon ni eht rawey ery,
A mothn fo ruelise dan thafulch ster
Hewn eht peri slave laß adn eht ria si crale,—
Rebcoto, eht wrohn, teh scrip, het belts.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A SIMPLETON. 2. The European blackbird. 3. An old word meaning "one side." 4. Stone-crop. 5. A resinous substance.

II. 1. The ermine. 2. A large animal found in South America. 3. A musical drama. 4. Ventilated. 5. Commerce.

"REYNARD."

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. Besides. 2. Not anything. 3. Relating to time or duration. 4. Pertaining to Christmas.

DOWNWARD: 1. In rhomboid. 2. Forward, in progression. 3. A kind of deer. 4. To long after vehemently. 5. The French word for "water." 6. In parallels. 7. In enigma. C. D. M. AND H. H. M.

AN ORIENTAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a celebrated religious teacher born about 570 A. D.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The birthplace of this prophet. 2. The Arabic name of the Supreme Being. 3. A nymph

of paradise. 4. The founder of the Ottoman empire. 5. An official expounder of Mohammedan law, in Turkey. 6. An Arabic prince. 7. An African country most of whose inhabitants are Moslems.

"PYRAMUS AND THISBE."

ANAGRAM.

A famous artist:
CHIME ON ALL AGE. "XELIS."

OCTAGON.

1. To suffer. 2. Temples. 3. A salt. 4. One who instigates to evil. 5. An instructor. 6. To direct one's course. 7. To deviate. "CHARLES BEAUFORT."

RHYMED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

PRIMALS AND FINALS.

The patroness of gloomy war,
Whose thunder shakes the heaven,
With Mars, her brother, from afar
She comes, on storm-clouds driven,
To where the army's warlike sound
Makes hills and rocks and cliffs resound.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. By Vulcan fashioned, to the world she brought Evils, though of ill she but little thought.
2. A mountain on whose lofty summit lay The bark which saved the chosen of that day.
3. To this proud Caledonian seaport sail Ships, with full many a priceless Indian bale.
4. The ancients said that when a person died Old Charon ferried him across this tide.
5. At thy command the walls of Thebes arose; Thy lute had power to conquer all thy foes.
6. The goddess of the moon, the Grecians say, Who, under golden diadem, holds sway.

R. F. G.